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THE LAST WORDS OF JUDGE TALFOURD.

"My body with my charge lay down,
And cease at once to work and live."

SEATED on the bench at Stafford, Judge Talfourd, uttering the following remarkable words to the grand jury, fell back, and died:—"I cannot help thinking that the increase of crime may be in no small degree attributable to that separation between class and class which is the great curse of British society, and for which we are all, more or less, in our respective spheres in some degree responsible. I am afraid we all keep too much aloof from those beneath us, and whom we thus encourage to look upon us with suspicion and dislike. Even to our servants we think, perhaps, we fulfil our duty when we perform our contract with them, when we pay them their wages and treat them with the civility consistent with our habits and feelings, when we curb our temper and use no violent expressions towards them. But how painful is the thought there are men and women growing up around us, ministering to our comfort and necessities, continually inmates of our dwellings, with whose affections and nature we are as much unacquainted as if they were inhabitants of some other sphere. This feeling arising from that kind of reserve peculiar to the English character, does, I think, greatly tend to prevent that mingling of class with class, that reciprocation of kind words and gentle affections, gracious admonitions and kind inquiries which often more than any book education tend to the culture of the affections of the heart, the refinement and elevation of the character of those to whom they are addressed. And if I were to be asked what is the GREAT WANT of English society, to mingle class with class,

I would say, in one word, the want is THE WANT OF SYMPATHY."

Judge Talfourd's adoption of Unitarian views of religion arose from the missionary labours of Richard Wright and Mr. Vidler, at Reading, where a small Unitarian congregation was formed and sustained for a few years. There was a gentleness and benevolence in the character of Talfourd entirely opposed to the stern and gloomy doctrines of orthodoxy. The last words of his life indicate the spirit and temper of a man who would shrink from thinking of God as a merciless judge dooming frail humanity to an endless pit of woe. The adoption of Unitarian views subjected Talfourd to some privations and persecution. He was one of those who, in his own words, "struggled to be free from magic bonds of superstition, and gained his priceless liberty."

It would appear that Mr. Vidler's views on the doctrine of universal restoration had produced a deep impression upon his mind, for, writing in the name of the Unitarians of Reading, he says:—"From his conversation they not only derived the highest intellectual gratification, but have to date the best and holiest feelings which Christian truth is calculated to inspire," and that Mr. Vidler was remembered "with an enthusiasm of reverence." He celebrated those superior views of the divine government in the following lines:—

"Methinks I see, by hope's great theme inspired,
That form rever'd in sudden light attir'd,
Death's icy fetters seem'd by mercy broke,
And sorrow dropt her sceptre as he spoke:
Deep 'mid the fading gloom as man could trace,
Shone vistas fair of universal grace:
Heav'n seem'd all opening to the ravish'd sight,
With fanes half viewless from excessive light;
Hell sank a trembling spectre 'mid the blaze,
And earth bloom'd ever young 'mid joy and praise."

THE GROCER'S STORY.

OURS was a quiet street at most times, a lazy, shady place, where the green blinds were for ever closed, and where there was so little passing that spires of grass grew here and there among the flag-stones, and the stone curbs of the iron-railed areas were fringed with soft green moss. A very quiet place at most times; but late one autumn afternoon a strange cry sounded through it, which awakened all its echoes, and called curious faces to the doors and windows.

"Stop thief!"

The strong voice of a policeman uttered the cry at first, and the shrill treble of two boys at play near by took it up and repeated it, and by-and-by there was a full deep chorus, like the cry of a pack of hounds—a sound you might have known at any distance, however ignorant you were of the language, to be the cry of men who hunted something.

There was a good deal of sympathy for the gentleman who lost his pocket-handkerchief, but none, that I could hear, for the poor degraded wretch who had purloined it, until a placid voice at my elbow uttered the following words, apparently in soliloquy:—

"Well, I may be wrong, but I somehow hope they won't catch him."

I turned in surprise and confronted our grocer, on whose steps I had sought shelter from the crowd, which, at such a moment, could not be expected to think much of the safety of a woman.

Our grocer was a portly man, with a shining bald head fringed by a ring of white hair like the tonsure of a Roman Catholic priest, and wearing at the moment a Holland apron and a short blue jacket.

"Yes'm," he went on, "I hope the miserable starved-looking creature will get off."

"Then you don't believe he picked the gentleman's pocket?" said I.

"I'm afraid it's only too certain that he did, ma'am," said the man, shaking his head. "He looked straight at me as he passed, and he had hungry desperate eyes that looked like theft—murder, too, for that matter."

"And yet you want him to escape when

he has broken the laws of the land, and will probably do so again."

"God forbid that I should help to break the laws," said the old grocer. "Good men make them, and they are right; but there are other laws that I read in my old Bible on Sunday nights that seem to be binding. One of them is, 'Do unto others as you would that others should do unto you,' and another, 'Love thy neighbour as thyself.' When I remember these words I think that we may be too hard with a poor sinful fellow-being, and not go beyond the limits of the law either.

"Still, I don't blame those young folks; I'd have been as furious in the chase as any of 'em years ago; but I learnt a lesson once that I never forgot, and hope I never may. I was a young man, and a poor one then, and had a hard struggle to make my little shop keep my family. It was only by pinching and saving, and keeping a sharp look-out for every bargain, that I managed it at all.

"One day when I had been to market I brought home half-a-dozen hams and hung them up above the door, more for show than anything else, for hams were a grand holiday dinner in those regions and not an everyday affair, I can tell you.

"It was just as the December nights began to grow long and dark and cold that I noticed a new policeman on our beat—a young handsome-looking fellow, with very bright eyes, but with such thin cheeks and hands, although he seemed powerfully built and made for a rather stout man, that I could not help watching him, and wondering whether he had been ill or not. The first time I noticed him was about sunset, and he passed and re-passed my window a dozen times, looking all the while at those hams, which dangled from the frame of the awning.

"I hope he means to buy one,' I said to my wife, as we sat together over the tea-table; 'and I shouldn't wonder if he did, for he seems to have taken quite a fancy to them.'

"But the evening passed, and though I saw him now and then on the other side of the way looking across with his bright eyes straight at the hams, he did not come in or speak to me on the subject. And so I made up my mind that he would send for it in the morning, and somehow made

so sure of it that whenever I saw a decent-looking woman go by with a basket on her arm I said, 'that's the policeman's wife coming after the ham.'

"On the third evening he was there again; that, you may say, was no wonder, for it was his duty to be upon the beat and no other; but it was curious he should keep on staring at those hams with those bright wolfish eyes of his. I didn't like it, though I could not have said why. A vessel had been wrecked at sea about that time, and an extra, with the latest news of the disaster, came out that evening. I bought a paper, and sat down behind the counter to read it. It was a stormy night and but few customers came in, and those were easily served, and somehow, between reading and thinking, time passed on until the clock struck eleven, and I had not yet taken in my goods or put up my shutters.

"Just as I was about to do so (in fact, I had already put my hand upon the first piece of the shutter), my door opened and an old woman came in. She was a sottish miserable creature, known about the place as Irish Kate.

"'I've made a diskivery, master,' she said; 'you have not been keeping as bright a look-out as you should; there's been a thafe at work widout this blessed night.'

"'What thief?' I asked.

"'More than I can tell you,' she answered; 'but I think it's a policeman, no less, the blackguard.'

"'It's too dark to see his face,' she said; 'but I caught the shine of a star on the coat he has on, and whoever it was took a ham from the pegs and hid it in the ash-box beyond the corner.'

"'If it is the policeman I'll make him pay dearly for it;' so I crept along the side-walk to the corner, keeping in the shadow all the way, and when I stood beside the box and saw, by the light of the lamp close by, that the ham was there, wrapped in something that looked like a handkerchief, I bit my lips with rage. Had it been a common thief, I should not so much have minded; but a policeman! it was more than I could stand. So I crouched myself in a doorway and waited. The watch was relieved at twelve o'clock; I knew that, and knew, also, that this would be the time when my policeman

would come to take the ham from out its hiding-place. And sure enough, when the time came, I heard him challenge the man who was to take his place, and come marching down towards the corner. I let him get the ham well under his arm before I was satisfied, but then I pounced upon him like a tiger.

"'I've got you,' I cried. 'A pretty policeman you are, indeed; but you shall suffer for it, I can tell you.'

"He struggled with me for a moment like a wild thing, and then, all of a sudden, he dropped the ham, and fell down in a helpless sort of heap upon the ground.

"'I'm a ruined man!' he groaned, 'a ruined man! there's no hope for me now. O my God! my wife—my poor little wife!' and he burst out crying like a woman.

"The sight softened me, but I was angry still.

"'You should have thought of that before you became a thief,' I said. 'If the guardian of a man's property is not to be trusted, what is to become of him? And you look like a gentleman—you do not seem like a scoundrel; how have you stooped to do such a disgraceful thing as this?'

"He was standing beside me now, and the lamp-light fell on his face. It was as white as any corpse's and his eyes glittered terribly.

"'Policemen's families do not often starve,' I said with a sneer.

"'My God! can't you believe me—won't you believe me?' panted the man. 'I have only been appointed three days. I have been ill a long while, and had neither money nor credit. Last night we went to bed supperless, to-day there has not been a crust in the house, and those hams tempted me so. You can never know how awfully they tempted me, and I meant to pay you afterwards.'

"He covered his face with his hands, and I could see great tears dripping through his fingers, and before I knew it, my own cheeks were moist, and so we stood silent, with the ham lying between us on the ground.

"At last he turned towards me and said:

"'Do what you like with me. The last hope is gone.'

"But I put my hand on his arm and

said, 'God forbid that I should take that last hope from you. If your story be true—and I believe it is—I pity you more than I blame you.'

"He looked at me in a sort of bewildered way, as though he scarcely understood me, and I took him by the arm and led him back to the shop. There I filled a basket of bread and butter, and coffee, and put the ham on the top of all. 'Take it home to your wife,' I said; 'you'll pay me when you get your salary, and if you are in need before that, come to me. I'm a poor man myself, and I can feel for other poor men.'

"I shall never forget that man's face in my life; so wondering, so thankful, and so awe-stricken. All he said was 'God bless you,' but there was a whole sermon in those words, and I slept better for them.

"One night, a few years after, just such a cold night as that on which I first saw the policeman staring at the hams, I was awakened long after midnight by a cry of fire. I started up to see the flames through the floor, and to know that the store down stairs was all ablaze. The stairs were on fire also, and when, as I opened the entry-door, the hot air and smoke rushed in, and almost smothered me, I gave up all hopes of getting my poor wife and helpless little ones out of that burning building alive and safe. I was so faint and ill from the accident, you see, that I hadn't all my wits about me, and believed there was no one missing. My blood ran cold when my wife, clasping her hands, and with an awful look upon her face, screamed:

"'Our little Lucy, our little Lucy is left behind.'

"She had slept with our servant girl since her baby brother was born, and the woman in her fright had forgotten our little one. There she was at the top of that burning building, out of the reach of any human help; it seemed to me, as I looked up at the wall, a great red and yellow sheet of flame, with blue gleams here and there, as though devilish heads were peeping out and grinning at us. Still, hopeless as it was, I should have gone back into the burning house and saved my baby or died with her, if I had been able to stand. No one else would venture. It would be a foolish sacrifice of life, they

said, for no doubt the child was already smothered by the smoke, and, though I raved and pleaded, and made wild promises, they shook their heads, and only bade me have patience.

"'Patience!' I thought I was going mad as the face of my little girl, my sweet, pretty little pet, rose up before me. But just then a tall man dashed through the crowd and came toward me.

"'Quick!' he shouted, 'which room is the child in—speak quickly—which room?'

"'The back one, on the upper floor,' I groaned, and he dashed away from me parting the throng with his strong arms, and in another moment, I saw him mounting a ladder. I heard them calling him to come back, bidding him beware, and speaking of him as though he were dead already. But he never heeded them, and I saw him hidden by the black smoke which poured from the window; I covered my face and prayed that the angels that walk in the fiery furnace might go with him.

"Perhaps they did. Something stronger than an earthly thing must have been there, for in a few minutes—they seemed years to me—we saw him coming down the ladder with something in his arms, perhaps the burnt body of my child, I thought, but as she came closer, I saw that it was my own laughing, living darling, with her blue eyes open, and her little arms about his neck.

"The roof fell in the next moment, but my treasure was safe, and that was all I cared for.

"'What shall I do or say to thank you?' I said, as I grasped his hand. 'I'm a ruined man and I can only give you my blessing; but let me know your name at least.'

"'Have you forgotten me? Don't you remember me?' he said, as he bent over me. 'Look again.'

"I did; and I saw a pair of bright, gray eyes, a face I knew, and something glittering on his breast. And the scene at the corner of the dirty little street, on a wet December night, came back to me, and I saw my policeman once more.

"'It is you,' said I, 'and you have saved my child from such an awful death.'

"'And what did you save me and mine from?' he said, with tears in his eyes, 'Starvation, ruin, and utter degradation.'

I should have been a felon, and my dear ones paupers, this night, but for you. I have not paid the debt, I never can; but when I heard that it was your child that lay at the top of that burning building, I prayed that I might save it, and I know God heard me.'

"And then he told me what had brought him to the neighbourhood on that night of all others in the year.

"I had lost all, for I was not insured, but he was prosperous, and stood by me like a brother, nursed me in my illness, and loaned me money for a new start in life. So that, in a while, things grew bright again, and here I am, you see, as comfortable as most people."

"And the policeman?" I asked.

"His hair is as white as my own," said the old man. "And my daughter, the little one he saved that night, is married to his son"—*Liberal Christian*.

PRAYER TO CHRIST.

EXAMINATION OF TEXTS.

THE plain instruction of Jesus Christ and his invariable example of prayer and worship of the Father are all set aside by some of our Christian brethren, because of a few texts which bear some semblance to the contrary. In the briefest way we shall examine those passages:—

"And they stoned Stephen, calling upon God and saying Lord Jesus receive my spirit." Acts vii. 59. The narrative says that Jesus was seen by the martyr Stephen, and he offered this petition to him. This was a singular and extraordinary vision, which might fairly justify departure from the rule laid down; but forms no more a precedent for a Christian's prayers than the words addressed in the sinking ship to Christ, "Lord, save us, we perish." Again, "For this thing I besought the Lord thrice." 2 Cor. xii. 8. From the context we are led to believe that Paul was favoured with a vision, or the presence of Christ, for an answer as given to him, "My grace is sufficient for thee." If we, at any time, should be so specially favoured we would never hesitate to ask some blessing as did Stephen and Paul.

"There came a leper and worshipped him," *i. e., did him homage*. We have the authority of the most able orthodox theologians for so rendering this passage. All those passages in the New Testament ought

to be so understood, "They fell down before Christ, and did obeisance."—"Let all the angels of God worship him." Heb. i. 6. The whole scope of the passage is to prove that he was superior to other teachers, messengers, &c., of God; and they are commanded to pay him reverence and homage. We may again add this word does not necessarily mean supreme worship. The Trinitarian, Dr. Pyle, says, "God the Father is represented commanding all angels to reverence him."

"That all men should honour the Son even as they honour the Father." John v. 22. It is simply an inference from this that we ought to worship Christ. Grotius says on this text, "He who treats with disrespect an ambassador, treats with disrespect him whom the ambassador has sent." And Dr. Doddridge, we think, has hit the meaning, "that all men should embrace the doctrine delivered by the Son with the reverence due to a divine message: he who rejects it treats with contempt God its author." Dr. Bloomfield also says, "To honour the Son is, therefore, to admit Jesus as the Messiah, the messenger of God."

There are several texts at times quoted as prayers to Christ; but it is more than probable that none of them refer to Christ, but God the Father. "Thou, Lord, who knowest the hearts of all men." Acts i. 24. "And the Lord shall deliver me from every evil work." 1 Tim. iv. 18. "Making melody in your heart to the Lord." Eph. v. 19. In all such cases when it is not certain whether the word, "Lord" refers to God or Christ, it is unfair in argument to adduce such texts. No person can read the New Testament without clearly perceiving the prevailing custom was to address prayers to God the Father. The following passage we acknowledge is a clear recognition of gratitude in the heart of the Apostle Paul to the Saviour:—"I thank Jesus Christ our Lord who hath enabled me, for that he counted me faithful, putting me into the ministry." 1 Tim. i. 12. This is quite natural, and such expressions of gratitude are known to every one who has been the subject of some great favour or deliverance, as was the case of the Apostle, who wrote these words. These words certainly do not authorise either prayer or supreme worship to Christ.

"Grace, mercy and peace from God our

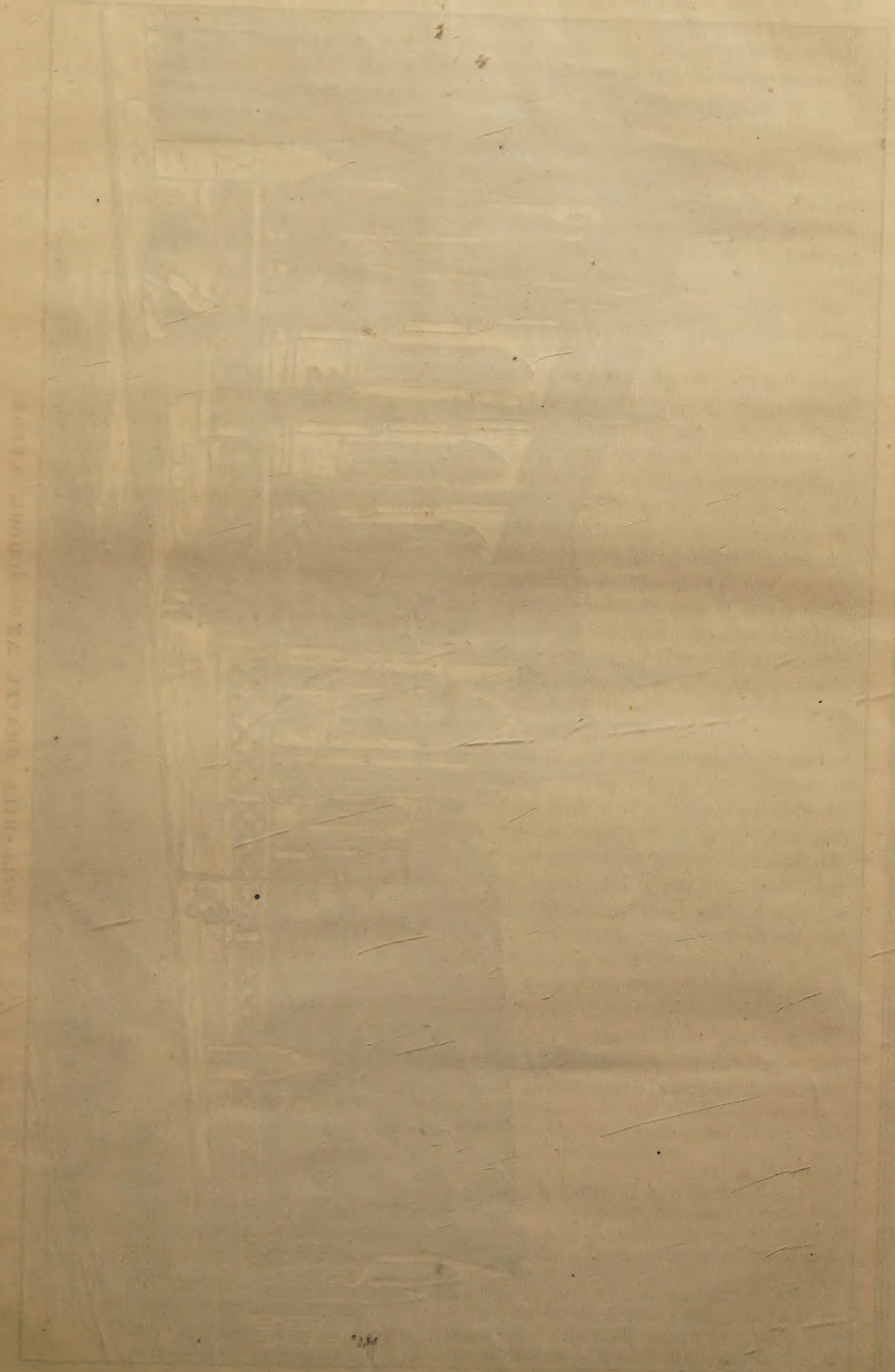
Father and Jesus Christ our Lord." "Now God himself, and our Father, and our Lord Jesus Christ direct our way unto you." "Now our Lord Jesus Christ himself and God even our Father . . . comfort your hearts and establish you in every good word and work." 1 Tim. i. 2; 1 Thess. iii. 12; 2 Thess. ii. 17. In explanation of these passages, we say that the New Testament intimates that Christ had personal intercourse with the first Apostles and the primitive Christian church. Paul might, in his letters, wish that he would visit certain churches and families to direct, comfort, and strengthen them. We regard these few direct passages in the light of devout and pious wishes, but as no authority for our prayers to be addressed to Christ, when we have the plain command of Christ to "pray to the Father," and "to ask him (Christ) nothing."

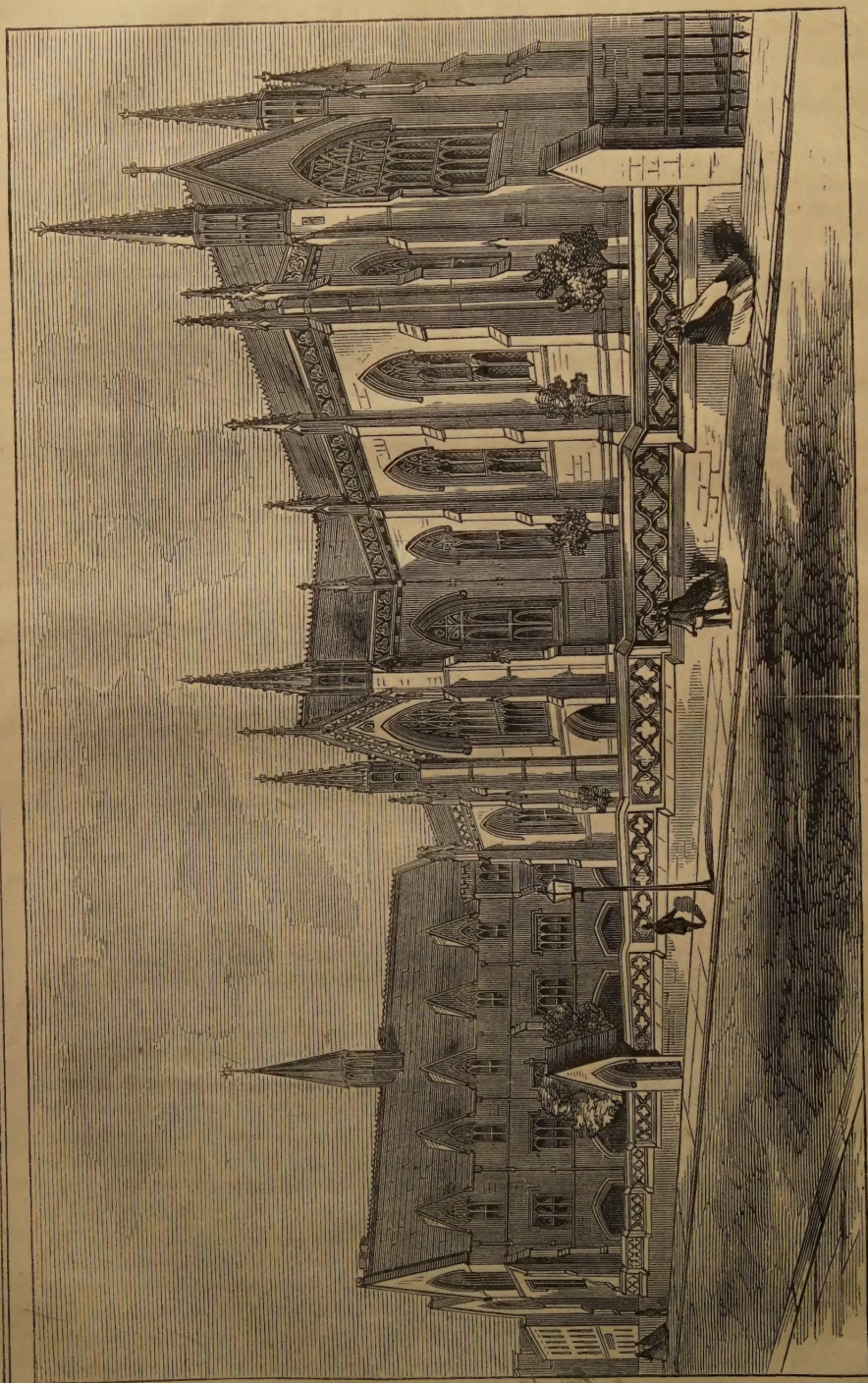
"And whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son." John xiv. 13. These words were spoken to the disciples, while he was with them, and are no command to pray to him. "That at the name of Jesus, every knee should bow of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth." Philip. ii. 10. The whole of the passage teaches us that God has highly exalted Christ, and given him a name that all nations and people shall reverence. Bending the knee, prostration and homage at the name, or in the name of Jesus, does not imply the worship of Jesus as God.

"He hath authority from the chief priests to bind all that call in thy name." "With all that in every place call upon the name of Jesus Christ." Some readers of the New Testament jump to the conclusion that this was to pray to Christ. Hear what Archbishop Tillotson says, "To name the name of any one or to have his name called on by us, does according to the use of the phrase among the Hebrews, signify nothing else but to be denominated by him." John Locke gives a similar meaning to the phrase, and says it is used by St. Paul for "professing Christianity." "I cannot but think," says he, "that all that call upon him, signifies all that are open professed Christians: a phrase which is not very remote from naming his name, *i.e.*, calling upon his name."

The last section of passages are those

ascriptions of praise found in two or three places, "To him be glory both now and for ever." None of us Unitarians would for a moment think of refusing such honour to Christ. Persons much inferior to Christ receive such honour from men. Why should we refuse this to Christ? This is not supreme worship. A similar passage is found in Revelation i. 6: "To him be glory and dominion for ever and ever." We join the concourse of those who ascribe this to Christ without any fear of false worship. The adoration well becomes all Christian people. And we join with every creature heard saying, "Blessing and honour, and glory, and power be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne and unto the Lamb for ever and ever." We are reminded here that this ascription of praise to Christ is united with praise to God; and if it is supreme worship of the Father, so it is of the Son. We do not feel bound to admit because God and Christ are honoured in the same passage and words that we have here a clear case of supreme worship to Christ. God and man are often, in ordinary life, united in our blessings and thanks, when some deliverance has been wrought, and so we find God, and man united in more places than one in the Bible. "David said to all the congregation, now bless Jehovah your God. And all the congregation blessed Jehovah God of their fathers, and bowed down their heads, and worshipped Jehovah and the King." 1 Chron. xxix. 20. What sane man would infer from this that David and the God of David are to be both equally prayed to and worshipped, because they are both revered in the same breath and with the same words. Nor can we Unitarians see any force in the passages quoted that Jesus and the God of Jesus are to be on a level in our prayers and worship, because the above are found in the New Testament where pious wishes, and devout reverence, and homage are offered to Christ. Is it not sufficient for us, the followers of Jesus Christ, to have before us the example of our master, his prayer to God and worship of the Father, and his unequivocal command to pray and worship his Father, and our Father, his God and our God? "The TRUE WORSHIPPERS shall worship the Father."—Nothing but those delusive and false creeds, set up in the Church, blind men at present, and lead them astray.





MILL-HILL CHAPEL AND SCHOOL, LEEDS.

MILL-HILL CHAPEL, LEEDS.

It is now close on two hundred years since the first chapel was erected and a congregation gathered together at Mill-hill, Leeds. This was among the earliest and most stately of dissenting meeting-houses in the North of England, and for two centuries this church has sustained a character for Christian usefulness and distinguished pastors second to no other church of our country. If its first persecuted band of worshippers could have seen the result of their labours, as they sowed in tears, they would have felt doubly recompensed for all their suffering and self-sacrifice. In the Rev. C. Wicksteed's sketch, of the congregation's history, we have a picture of the times of persecution, of bailiffs informing against the people, and of magistrate's officers in the meeting ordering the people to desist from worship in the name of the chief authorities of Leeds; and the brave and manly appeal and rebuke of the minister: "Are ye Christians, and will ye be worse to us than heathens were to Paul, who had liberty to preach the gospel to heathen Rome?" Since that time, and in the present age, the chief authority of this town has frequently been a leading member of and worshipper in this church. So much for faithfulness and truth, which always win the victory at last.

At the present time the earnestness of its pastor, and his large and zealous congregation, make their church the centre of a wide-spread mission organisation, which is erecting new chapels and stations in and around Leeds for the education of the poor and the propagation of a free and gospel religion, which we call Unitarianism. For one hundred years past the doctrine of the *simple unity of God* and its kindred doctrines have been upheld in this church. It was in 1767 that the celebrated Dr. Priestley was chosen pastor here, and a previous minister, Mr. Walker, had abandoned preaching the doctrine of the Trinity, atonement, &c. Many of our orthodox brethren vainly imagine that no church can long sustain a life of piety and Christian effort after renouncing their peculiar doctrines; but here we have a church, increasing through one hundred years in usefulness and power, with all the Trinitarian peculiarities clean gone; and the same thing is true of many other churches. No

one acquainted with the labours and the character of the ministers and people at Mill-hill Chapel during the last one hundred years can deny their Christian worth. We have but to write some of their names and they are at once revered: Joseph Priestley, William Wood, Thomas Jervis, Joseph Hutton, Charles Wicksteed, and the present minister, Thomas Hincks. The names of the ministers during the first one hundred years are: Richard Stretton, Thomas Sharpe (a cousin of Archbishop Sharpe), Timothy Manlove, Peter Peters, William Pendlebury, Joseph Cappe, Thos. Walker, and Nathaniel White, the predecessor of Priestley.

The new chapel was opened in December of 1848, by the Rev. Dr. Josh. Hutton, during the ministry of the Rev. C. Wicksteed, and is one of more than a hundred proofs we are not indebted to the buildings of our Presbyterian forefathers for our places of worship now. The cost was about £7000, and the building was delivered into the hands of the trustees in 1849 free of debt. The congregation felt that a house dedicated to the worship of God should be rendered, not merely an object of admiration to the passer-by, but in all respects and in every part suitable and worthy of the great object for which it is erected. The clustered pillars and moulded arches are all of solid stone. The plan of the chapel is of an oblong form, 109ft. 10in. in length, by 43ft. 5in. in width. It is divided into centre and side aisles by two rows of pillars and arches, each of the side aisles being about one quarter of the total width of the chapel. The style of architecture adopted in the building is what prevailed in this country during the fifteenth century, and is frequently called the "Perpendicular." We are indebted to the eminent photographer, Mr. W. Child, of Leeds, for the engraving we are able this month to give of the chapel.

DEITY OF CHRIST.—Had Jesus Christ been born and had he died in the nineteenth century: had he done every act, and uttered every word recorded of him in his own time, there could by no possibility have entered into any human mind the suspicion that he was the Deity himself! Logic, philosophy, experience, science, common sense, would have made such an inference not only impossible but absurd. And are we to think that what could not be believed if Christianity were new to-day will long be believed because Christianity is not new and was born into a dark and superstitious age?—*Dr. Bellows.*

A LAY SERMON.

"God, who at sundry times and in divers manners, spake in times past unto the fathers by the prophets, hath in these last days spoken unto us by his Son, whom he hath appointed heir of all things."—Hebrews.

Whether the Epistle to the Hebrews was written by Paul or no, there can be no question that it is one of the most interesting pieces of writing in the New Testament. It consists of one long argument, and although the interest is rather Hebrew than Christian, the argument is so ingeniously worked out, and withal presents Judaism itself in such a new and striking form, that on this ground alone it is worthy of attention. But it has yet other claims to notice. It is interesting as being the first attempt to set forth the relation of Judaism to Christianity, as conceived of by a Jewish convert, in full and precise form. In the other epistles the ideas supposed in this relation are either taken for granted, or faintly shadowed forth; *here* they are formally and systematically developed. And this gives the epistle, as I think, historic value; for it supplies a felt gap in the history of the religious thought of those times. Never were there such credal and ritual bound minds as the Jewish at that day; and by what argument was it, then, we have probably often been led to ask ourselves, that so many of these minds, so bound round and tied down, came with such apparent ease to emerge into the fulness of the liberty of the gospel of Christ? Well, here, as I have said, the mystery is partly explained, for this epistle sets before us this fact, that what those minds saw in Christianity was not a new religion, but merely the complement of the old one—the old one still, but in a full and completed form. That was the shadow, this the substance—that the type, this the anti-type—that the gem, this the unfolding, which, indeed, they asserted, had been always intended and foreseen; it was only, they contended, the old ideas gathered up and reproduced in a more living, impressive, and enduring form. And if we must of necessity pass through the portal of Jewish ideas to reach the Christian temple, who can doubt that those ideas do gain in living grandeur and interest, as seen in their later embodiments? But not to enter into that question now, let me say it was

at the very least a perfectly natural thing for the Hebrew convert to seek to surround the new religion with whatever impressed his mind and heart in the old; and the only pity is, that this kind of Judaic Christianity has come also to impress the Gentile mind, so that the popular form of Christianity from that time to this has been of this description. But if there be any credit due for this, it certainly belongs to the writer of this epistle, whose success is so remarkable in his attempt to establish the identity between the two religions.

But although the argument contained in the epistle is, at the very least, local and sectional, yet, I think, a very precious general truth lies at its root, and as this truth is brought out with much fulness and suggestiveness in the opening verses of the epistle, so these verses I have chosen as bases for the few remarks I wish to make upon the subject.

"God, who at sundry times and in divers manners, spake unto the fathers by the prophets, hath in these latter days spoken unto us by Jesus Christ."

"God hath spoken" unto man. Man, then, in his blindness and ignorance, is not unthought of by God, and is the subject of His gracious illuminations. But how? There are some of us, probably, who would say by the possession of our reason. As we use this faculty aright, so we discern the true from the false, the right from the wrong. I assuredly will not deny the use of reason. I only submit that God has other methods of making Himself known to man; and I say this partly because, as it seems to me, reason is utterly insufficient for some of the great needs and purposes of life. The moral law, for instance, is only an exact expression of the *fitness* of things—that is to say, the well-being, alike of the individual man and of society, depends entirely upon obedience to this law. But whose reason is capable of deducing the law in all its fulness and awful significance from the phenomena of human life? Hence, God speaks to us in conscience—that is, by certain inward instinctive perceptions and impressions of what this fitness of things demands. There is, then, this mode, besides that of reason, by which God makes us to know His will concerning us. But, again, the very best that reason in its outlook over nature and life can do for us to make

us acquainted with one unbroken wand of beautiful and useful arrangements, leaving these to tell the tale of our Heavenly Father's presence and love. But what child would be satisfied with only this with reference to his earthly parents? Would he not say—"Give me, then, indeed, these precious tokens of a father's care, but give me more—give me, sometimes at least, to meet my father face to face, to touch his hand, to hear his voice?" *Care* is much, but *living contact* and sympathy are more; and hence God makes Himself known to us at intervals by causing, as it were, His very breath to fall upon and be felt within our souls; by kindling at times high aspirations and holy desires, by inspiring noble thoughts and purposes—by imbuing our minds with a strength, a peace, a purity, a joy of so unearthly a sort as leaves us in no doubt that it is indeed our Father's presence in which we stand, and His spirit that is touching ours, His voice that is sounding in our ears. Reason, I say, is only one of His methods of making Himself known unto us.

But the text points to yet another medium through which God's voice might be heard. "God hath spoken by the prophets and by Jesus Christ."

The general idea suggested here is that of man as a divinely-appointed teacher of man.

Thus, throughout our whole lives do we gladly recognise the value and the charm of this kind of teaching. We receive our earliest lessons from human beings, and these dear lessons of father and mother we can never forget. And when we are grown to be men and women, still do we turn to a human source. Yes, nature may expose her own wondrous stores for our observation, our own inward consciousness may have many a precious truth to tell; our experience of life, too, might be a book full of choice and valuable instruction, but yet it somehow happens that it is still, and always, to man we look for the best instruction of all. Him we look to to shed the clearest light, to utter the final word. Deep, strong, overmastering is that instinct within us which bids us seek light and instruction from human lips most of all; and God, as it seems to me, has but met this instinct, which, again, is an instinct after sympathy as well, by making man the chosen medium of His lessons to man.

And here let me say that I think every man of high mental gifts is a divinely-appointed teacher. We are content, I fear, to put too low a value upon this class of men. We have met the highly-gifted man, and have cheerfully conceded to him the tribute of our admiration, but it has never once occurred to us, I fear, that we were bound to regard him, bound to consider well the form in which his particular gift was expressed. We have listened to "the eloquent orator" or the poet, and been struck with the beauty of his thoughts and the force of his words, but it has never once entered our minds that each one of those words was perchance arrow-tipped with a lesson expressly intended for us. I say not, indeed, that we are to put off our own personality in any case, but I do say that the appearance of such men in our day and generation is a distinct summons from the "Father of lights" to hear and attend. Such men come at length to be the worshipped ideas of ancient times, and at least they claim our attention.

I pass on to notice that the lessons emanating from this source are progressive. "God, who hath spoken unto the fathers by the prophets, hath in these latter days spoken by His Son Jesus Christ."

Why was not the *perfect* lesson given at once do we ask? The reason was, the writer of this epistle says, men would not have been able to bear it; they would have misunderstood, misapplied, abused it; and probably it would soon have passed into a dim and unprofitable tradition. And men *were* not able to bear it, for the race is only, so to speak, an ever-growing child, and all these long centuries it has been climbing the height, yet unattained, of the perfect man. And by the lesson communicated by the good God this channel has come gradually—here a little and there again a little, the lower first, the higher afterwards, according to the *measure* of growth, so has the lesson been imparted. For the times of Moses there was the lower lesson of Moses; for the times of Isaiah the higher lesson of Isaiah; and for the times of Christ, and for all succeeding times, his highest of all lessons, the unapproached and unapproachable; and since God is the common Maker and Father of all, so none of His children have been overlooked, and for every nation

there has come the earlier and the later lesson. The lesson has always tracked the advancing footsteps—going before, indeed, but never so much before as to outstrip the present need. Thus does heathendom, as well as Judaism and Christianity, bear glad witness to His watchfulness and good Providence who is God over all!

But, lastly, the text sets before us certain men as special examples of this class, viz., the prophets and Jesus Christ.

I said at the beginning that the interest of this epistle was Hebrew rather than Christian. It was an appeal for Christianity from a Hebrew point of view. Now, we are not Hebrews, we never were of the Hebrew religion—the forms of thought peculiar to that religion have no foothold whatever in our minds and hearts, and so I say that the argument contained in this epistle is for us but of small interest, and the religion itself, with its priests and expounders, of no more. Are not the divine teachers, the prophets, then, messengers of God to us, living in these times? Assuredly they are. But what makes them so is the fact that, although Hebrews, and never failing to speak the lessons adapted for their times, they rose not seldom to that highest of all spheres, the sphere lighted up by the stars of absolute and eternal truth. Not seldom, as I have said, do we wholly miss the Jewish drapery of thought in the announcement they made, and they are not Hebrews but *men*—expounders of universal and unchangeable law. But, then, “God, who in former times hath spoken by the prophets, hath in these latter days spoken by His Son Jesus Christ.” So here we may be content, I think, to part with this class of men, for the dark night, not unilluminated by stars, has passed away, and the day-spring from on high has visited the earth. Once it was Moses, and David, and Isaiah, divine messengers to the Jews; now it is Christ, the teacher, not of Jew only, but of all mankind—not for his day only, but so long as the natural sun itself shall cast his rejoicing beams around. Once it was fragments of light—a bit here, a bit there, the Jew having his portion, the Gentile not without his; O, let us believe that now the perfect day shineth, all these fragments and more being gathered up in a full-formed orb in

Jesus Christ. Nor do I stay at this time to illustrate this position, for when all the genius, and art, and intellect of the day are already Christian, and the world’s great deep heart itself is moving steadily thitherward, not, perhaps, to this form or that, but to something that shall transcend all existing forms, and embody the *essence* of all; when, too, the highest we can ask for our fellow-man is that he may catch Christ’s spirit and frame his life after His rules; and when, lastly, the only argument we ever now hear expressed to the religion of *Christ* is that it is too purely ideal, too grandly theoretical for common use; then, I say, the flood is at hand and undeniable; that heaven’s best note did actually sound in that magnificent anthem which burst over Palestine eighteen centuries ago, so stately and solemn, so tender and touching in its tones; and that He *has* come whose right it is to reign, and whose word shall *never* pass away. J. S.

Lynn.

RESURRECTION.

BY SIR JOHN BOWRING.

SPRING is but another birth
From the grave of the earlier springs;
Which to renovated earth
Other resurrections brings.

God hath moulded all that God’s
Power could mould from mortal dust—
Flowers and fruits from clouds and clods,
Life from ruin and from rust.

’Twas a wondrous Hand that laid
In the seed the unborn tree;
Bud and blossom in the blade,
Future ripened fruit to be.

Still more wondrous was the Might
That from night’s obscurest shrine,
Brought forth intellectual light,
Souls with thoughts and hopes-divine.

Yes! ’twas a transcendent Power
Which, from earth’s contracted whole,
Gave to heaven a worthy dower,
Gave—an ever-living soul.

Less than earth to heaven, and less
Than to ages moments seem,
Is the world we now possess
To the world of which we dream.

Earthly love is faint and small
When compared with the embrace
Of a love encircling all,
Through all time and o’er all space.

THE PRISONER AND THE FLOWER.

THERE is a beautiful story in French of a prisoner who became exceedingly attached to a flower. He was put in prison by Napoleon because he was supposed to be an enemy of the Government. One day, as Charney (for that was his name) was walking in the yard adjoining his cell, he saw a plant pushing up from between the stones. How it came there he could not tell. Perhaps some one carelessly dropped the seed, or perhaps the seed was blown over the wall by the wind. He knew not what plant it was, but he felt a great interest in it. Shut within walls, away from all his friends, not permitted to interest himself with either reading or writing, he was glad to have this little living thing to watch over and love. Every day when he walked in the court, he spent much time in looking at it. He soon saw some buds. He watched them as they grew larger and larger, and longed to see them open; and when the flowers at length came out he was filled with joy. They were very beautiful. They had three colours in them, white, purple and rose colour, and there was a delicate silvery fringe all round the edge. Their fragrance, too, was delicious. Charney examined them more than he ever did flowers before; and never did flowers look so beautiful to him as these.

The captive guarded his plant with great care from all harm. He made a framework out of such things as he could get, so that it should not be broken down by some careless foot, or by the wind. One day there was a hailstorm, and to keep his tender plant from the pelting of the hail, he stood bending over it as long as the storm lasted.

The plant was something more than a pleasure and a comfort to the prisoner.—It taught him some things that he never knew before though he was a very learned man. When he went into the prison he was an infidel. He did not believe there was a God; and among his scribbles on the prison wall he had written "All things come by chance." But as he watched his loved flower, its opening beauties told him that there is a God. He felt that none but He could make that flower, and he said that the flower had taught him more

than he had ever learned from the wise men of the earth.

The cherished and guarded plant proved of great service to the prisoner. It was the means of his being set free! There was another prisoner, an Italian, whose daughter came to visit him. She was much interested by the tender care which Charney took of his plant. At one time it seemed as if it would shortly die, and Charney felt very sad. He wished that he could take up the stones round it; but he could not without permission. The Italian managed to see the Empress Josephine, and to tell her about it, and permission was given to Charney to do with his plant as he desired. The stones were taken up, and the earth loosened, and the flower was soon as bright as ever again.

Now Josephine thought much of flowers. It is said that she admired "the purple of her cacti more than the imperial purple of her robe, and that the perfume of her magnolias was pleasanter to her than the flattery of her attendants." She, too, had a cherished flower—the sweet *jasmine*—that she had brought from the home of her youth, a far-off island of the West Indies. This had been planted and reared by her own hand; and though its simple beauty would scarcely have excited the attention of a stranger, it was dearer to her than all the rare and brilliant flowers that filled her hothouses. She thought much of the prisoner that took such care of his one flower. She inquired about him; and after a little time persuaded the Emperor to give him his freedom. And when Charney left the prison he took the plant with him to his home; for he could not bear to part with this sweet companion that had cheered him in his lonely prison life and taught him such lessons of wisdom, and was at last the means of setting him free.

Some, perhaps, would say that the seed of this flower got into the prison yard, and took root in the earth between the stones by *chance*, and that this was all very *lucky* for the prisoner. But this is not so. Nothing comes by chance. God sent that seed there, and made it lodge in the right place for it to grow. Little did Charney think, when he saw that tiny plant first pushing up from between the stones, that by it God would free him from prison, and, what was better, deliver him from his infidelity.

THE WORKING CLASSES AND PUBLIC WORSHIP.

THE RESULT OF TWENTY-FIVE MEETINGS.

DURING the present season the London Unitarian Lay Preachers' Union has held twenty-five meetings in different parts of London on the above question, and upwards of one hundred speakers have been heard. We have had at those meetings ministers and members of all sects and classes of London society. Some of the speakers rendered reasons for going; the custom of the Christian Church, the command of the Bible, the advantages of Christian worship, the benefits of Christian fellowship, their greater happiness since they began to attend places of worship, the comfort and improvement of their lives, their deeper interest in man, their sense of gratitude to God, and their better preparation for a future state. We have been chiefly interested in the reasons for not going, and shall place some of them as briefly as possible before our readers. The speakers sometimes were strongly opposed to each other, for one man observed that in their church the poor were put into a back seat out of sight; while another said in the church he knew they were dragged right into the front where everybody saw them. In one speaker we had the wish for fine music; and another said he absented because they were making the church too like an opera or playhouse. One man said the ministers did not pay sufficient attention to the families of the poor; another said "we do not want the priests going prying about among our families and making such a fuss about us." Too much excitement in some men's sermons said one; too much monotony, said another, in the services of the Church. "The children need a more careful and thorough education in religion" was the remark of one class; "we had too much religion and church when we were young," said another, "and have been glad to emancipate ourselves." Our orthodox brethren embraced those discussions to abuse human nature, the carnal mind, and to say that the heart of man was depraved; and others blamed the devil for keeping working men away. Drunkenness, indolence, and ignorance of the nature of the services were frequently alleged. The want of reverence, religious feeling, and culture, and the love of darkness rather than light, were among the reasons

given. Few arrangements and class distinctions were often advanced, that "unbecoming paltry pride that shows itself in the Church," said more than one. Working men are made to feel their inferiority because they cannot dress so well. Long hours of labour and excessive toil, and Sunday trading, were put down as causes by not a few of the speakers. Deep-rooted and chronic poverty in some cases, and in others want of ambition; too much satisfied with their lost condition were urged by other speakers; "I never see my children but on a Sunday, and like to spend my time at home." "Far too many collections." "Can read my Bible at home;" "We need recreation," said one class; "We can be religious without church or priest," said another; "It is the fashion with some people to go to church, and we do not care about the fashion." "A good life is the best form of worship, and we try to do good." "Too much difference about what religion is, and too much scolding goes on in the pulpit for us to know what religion is; The church is now rendered untenable by her own differences." "The right of private judgment and the appeal to the Scriptures, instead of the Church, has produced all this confusion," said the Roman Catholic speakers. The salaries of the bishops and the instance of a State Church were put down as reasons; ministers do not sufficiently help the working classes and their reform movements; too much is said about submitting to the powers that be. "Teachers of religion are generally on the side of oppressors," said more than one speaker. The poverty, ignorance, and sin of Christendom, and the little done by the Church to remove it; the hypocrisy and selfishness of professors, and the contradiction between the practice and the preaching of the Church. "We do not see much good effected in the moral character of those who do go to places of worship. the average morality is as good among one class as another; the bitter and pharasaic spirit of priests, and elders, and distinguished professors; the want of reality among ministers who can say on a Sunday, 'Dearly beloved brethren,' and would spurn you from their presence if you spoke to them as a man and a brother; ministers do not sufficiently familiarise themselves with the poor, and many of them are men of less godness than persons who attend no worship; the poor can

see they like to fraternise with fine folk. The teaching of the pulpit is out of sympathy with science; the pulpit reasons too little and dogmatises and condemns too much; free inquiry is too much discouraged, and foolish stories are too often told in the pulpit to frighten people; men must be instructed and not denounced." The doctrines of the atonement, deity of Christ, and endless punishment met with a large share of reprobation; too much in sermons and hymns about being washed in the blood of Christ, and too much reviling of human nature; too little information afforded about the great questions of this life, and too much said about the next; salvation by faith instead of a practical morality is too much insisted on by the pulpit; the infallibility of the letter of Scripture is held up too prominently. They complained that they were only snubbed when they asked questions about some of those doctrines, and they found that the public teachers of those mysteries knew no more about them than they did. The mummery of one church, the mystery of another, and the melancholy appearance of the devotees of another were all repulsive.

These are a few of the objections we heard stated in the meetings just held; and at the conclusion we were persuaded that there is no dislike to religion really in the hearts of working men. Their objections were often purely fanciful, and we learned that both preachers and people may do much to win over to wiser life many who now only idle away the day of rest and sacred worship.

We may say to our readers that not less than fifty of the speakers who professed to care nothing for public worship spoke reverently of God and the duty of obedience to His laws, and expressed their utter repugnance to the doctrines of religion they had been taught when young and had heard in after years preached in churches and chapels—the fall of man, the doctrine of the Trinity, the vicarious sacrifice, and endless misery. There was a well-expressed reverence for the character of Christ among the speakers, and a defence of the power and wisdom and goodness of God in contrasting the doctrines of the churches with these conceptions of Deity. We were thoroughly impressed, by the tone of those meetings, that the time for an active and vigorous diffusion of Unitarian doctrine is come.

THE DYING CHILD.

BY MARY CARPENTER.

"I cannot leave thee, mother,
O! say not I must die,
Lie closer to me, mother,
And let me feel thee nigh.

"I care not for my treasures,
They cannot ease my pain;
For me are no more pleasures,
I ne'er shall smile again.

"But the angel must not tear me,
From thee, my mother dear;
He must not, must not bear me
From all that love me here."

"My precious darling, cheer thee,
Thou goest to thy home;
Thy Saviour will be near thee,
And beckons thee to come.

"Then when thy God shall call thee,
Be ready at His voice;
No evil can befall thee;
In thy Father's love rejoice.

"And when the angel flying
On wings of peace and love,
Shall summon thee, when dying,
Lift up thy hands above.

"Thus shall we know thou'rt rising
Above the fear of death,
That all things here despising,
Thou yieldest up thy breath."

Death's angel now comes near her with gentle
noiseless tread,

And softly lays his cool damp hand upon her
aching head.

The restless little sufferer is calm and placid
now,

And Heavenly peace sits radiant upon her
throbbing brow,

She asks for all her treasures, and lays them
near her heart,

As though she would that she and they should
never, never part.

Then still her lips keep moving, but utter not
a sound,

While tenderly she gazes on the weeping ones
around.

"My sweet one thou art dying." Then sud-
denly was given

New strength to her poor nerveless arms, she
raises them to Heaven,

And looking upward joyously, without a groan
or sigh,

She leaves her frail clay tenement, her spirit is
on high!

'Tis the first beloved of seven that has left the
parents' breast;

And mournfully they lay their child in her
eternal rest;

But she will be a guiding star to light them to
their home,

Where blessed in her Saviour's arms she
beckons them to come!

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

THE UNIVERSAL HOPE.—The following sentence occurs in a poem composed by one of the old Aztec monarchs:—"Illustrious nobles, loyal subjects—Let us aspire to that Heaven where all is eternal, and corruption cannot come. The horrors of the tomb are but the cradle of the sun and the shadows of death are brilliant lights for the stars."

TEMPERANCE OF ROMAN WOMEN.—It is said that "at the time of the labours of our Saviour on earth, and for a long period after, it was considered infamous for a Roman woman to taste of wine. For a guest to offer a glass of wine to one of the women of the household was looked upon as a deep insult, as it implied a want of chastity on her part.

A LESSON FROM THE EAST.—A treaty of peace has been concluded between the governments of Great Britain and Madagascar, in which the Queen of the latter country guarantees "full religious liberty to all her subjects, and not to persecute or molest any subjects or natives of Madagascar on account of their embracing or exercising the Christian religion."

RELIGION OF CRIMINALS.—A return has been issued, on the motion of Lord Edward Howard, showing the number of prisoners committed to the metropolitan gaols during the year 1865, with the proportion of the religious denominations to which they nominally belonged. The Church of England and the Roman Catholic faith divide between them the majority of prisoners. Thus, the total number of the first was 19,611, and of the second 7476, while all the other sects put together supplied something under 1500 prisoners.

A WORD TO REFORMERS.—The author of "The History of Civilisation in England" says, "All hail to those bold and fearless natures, the heretics and innovators of the day, who rousing men out of their lazy sleep, sound the tocsin and the clarion, and force them to come forth that they may do battle for their creeds. It is the cold spirit of routine which is the night-shade of our nature—it sits upon men like a blight—blunting their faculties, withering their powers, and making them both unwilling and unable either to struggle for the truth, or to figure to themselves what it is they *really believe*."

SEVERE REBUKE.—It is well known that the genius and eloquence of Dr. Chalmers during his stay at Glasgow attracted immense crowds to his church, and the feeling of disappointment when a stranger entered his pulpit was too visible for any divine to mistake it. On one occasion the Rev. Dr. L—, of A—, having made an exchange with Dr. Chalmers, was so struck and irritated on entering the pulpit, with the reluctant advance of the assembling auditory, and quiet retreat of many from the pews, that he stood up, and addressing the congregation, said:—"We will not begin the public worship of God till the chaff blows off." We need not say that these words had the desired effect, and that the audience became stationary under this severe rebuke.

A SINGULAR THANKSGIVING.—A rich and influential Chinese was proud that he supported a garment that was bordered with costly precious stones. An old and meanly-clad Bonze (so people in China call a priest) followed him through several streets, bowing often to the earth before him, and thanking him for his precious stones. "My friend," answered the rich man, "I have never given them to you." "All right," continued the Bonze, "but you give me the opportunity to see them, and any other use you also can not make of them. There is between us no difference than that you have the trouble to wear and preserve them, and this trouble I do not desire."

WHAT LUTHER LOVED.—Luther, when studying, always had his dog lying at his feet—a dog he had brought from Wartburg, and of which he was very fond. An ivory crucifix stood at the table before him. He worked at his desk days together without going out; but when fatigued, and the ideas began to stagnate, he took his guitar with him to the porch and there executed some musical fantasy (for he was a skilful musician), when the ideas would flow upon him as fresh as flowers after a summer's rain. Music was his invariable solace at such times. Indeed, Luther did not hesitate to say, that after theology, music was the first of arts. "Music," said he, "is the art of the prophets; it is the only other art which, like theology, can calm the agitation of the soul, and put the devil to flight." Next to music, if not before it, Luther loved children and flowers. That great gnarled man had a heart as tender as a woman's.

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